

Pipers, fiddlers, and harpers,
 Pick-pockets and thieving sharpers,
 Beaus and pimps, and many an harlot,
 Gamesters clad in lace and scarlet,
 Doctors sage, whose chariots keep'em,
 Riches, if one could but heap'em,
 Of poverty a greater store-far,
 Of politics eternal warfare,
 Whole heccatombs of beef and mutton,
 And turtle for your city glutton,
 Hypocrites with aspects holy,
 Honest men with faces jolly,
 Tipsey barrow-women tumbling,
 Dukes and chimney-sweepers jumbling
 Lords with milleners debating,
 Ladies with their footmen prating,
 Chairmen, carmen, kennel rakers,
 Catchpoles, bailiffs, and thief-takers;
 Lawyers to justice adversaries,
 And pompous wigg'd apothecaries,

Many a jilt and more seducers,
 Courteous many, more abusers,
 Many an exciseman smuggling,
 Statesmen in the treasury juggling,
 Many a maid and lover billing,
 Many widow not unwilling,
 Many a bargain, could you strike it?
 This is London—How d'ye like it?